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character and atmosphere. But let it suffice to say generally, that the whole collection stamps Mr. Edwards as an aquarellist of uncommon talent. The imaginative pictures, including several subjects drawn from "The Culprit Fay" of Rodman Drake, and others of purely original inspiration, are full of whimsical fancy or poetic sentiment. Seen together, they are somewhat depressing in their monotonous grays; but some of them, suitably framed—say, for a boudoir—would show capital decorative qualities.

#### WOMAN'S WORK AT THE AMERICAN ART GALLERIES.

ALIDA BEVIER of this city sends a "Sunny Window" that need not be ashamed of itself beside any work of equal pretensions in the Paris Salon. It represents a bit of plain white wainscot wall, a painted white window shelf, a half open window, and a green vine. The wainscot is barred with shadows of the window sash; the vine entering through the window to cross the wooden shelf is energetic, "perky" and knowing, a sort of terrier among vines, and is relieved partly against the darkness of exterior space, partly against the opaque white of the shelf. It is an ingenious bit of decoratively treated technique, although realistic as opposed to "conventional" or "æsthetic" decoration, and has a brisk and piquant character, the work of one who knew *what* she wanted to do and how to do it.

Rhoda Holmes Nichols, a talented Englishwoman who has lately made her home among us, sends "A Ve-

curved iron, full of parti-colored tapestries or stuffs, blooming plants and vagrant vines, against an expanse of

"A Gray Day on the Lagoons" is as prosaic as the subject can be made with such expert craftsmanship. Lavinia Ebbinghausen, of Philadelphia, sends "Picking up a Living" and a profile bust called "Eleanor." The former is a plain-walled barnyard scene, with woolly, not feathered, fowls in the foreground. It is good in color, rather loose in substance, and not noticeable either for treatment or motif. "Eleanor" is a coarse peasant face, with shoulders rather incongruously covered with rich drapery. The flesh is hot, the drapery as flat, foldless and shadowless as that of a Byzantine Madonna, and, therefore, as facile; the brush work shows no timidity within its lines, but all technical difficulties are avoided, and the painter is evidently more at home with brush than pencil. Lucy Holbrook sends "Connecticut Woods," pretty, elaborate and conventional. Elizabeth Booth, Boston, has the two canvases that bear away the palm of ugliness from the whole exhibition. Both are of signboard artistic quality, and would fill their proper office—one before a butcher's shop, the other a circus side-show. The one represents an ugly domestic grunter in easy profile, a blocky, wooden, purplish porker seemingly painted, not from life, but death. Time and paint are wasted upon such exploits, as far removed from real feeling and rule of true art as hogs are from seraphs. The other, "Serena," is a monstrosity of a little negro girl, with bowl and spoon on her knees. The head is grotesquely out of proportion; the color is that of the plain wall against which it is painted, and therefore has no relief. Bertha von Hillern sends "House



GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS. DRAWN BY HIMSELF.

warm, peach-tinted wall. It is brilliant in detail color, the detail fussiness of form and color uniting into a

of the plain wall against which it is painted, and therefore has no relief.



"A SUNNY DAY OFF THE COAST OF NORMANDY." BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

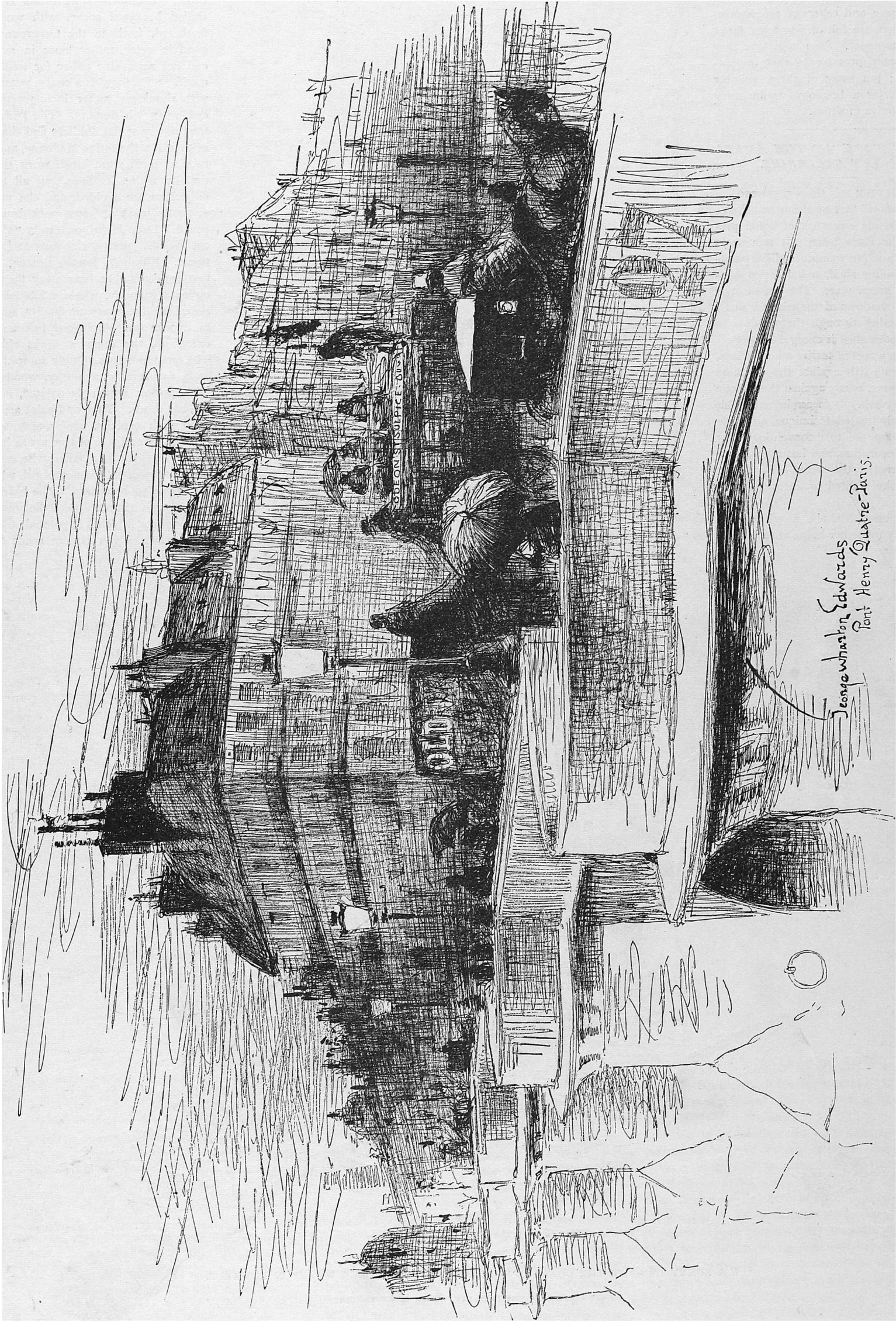
DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PICTURE IN WATER-COLORS.

netian Balcony," "A Gray Day on the Lagoons," and "Venetian Boys," all bright, "smart" work. The "Venetian Balcony" shows one of those familiar objects of

tranquil and harmonious, although so dazzling, an ensemble. The "Venetian Boys" are but a pyramidal accessory to much peach-tinted expanse of steps, while

on Battle-Ground of Fisher's Hill, Virginia," painted with a seriousness and gravity almost depressing. It represents a plain, bald, weather-beaten house, with





George Wharton Edwards  
Pont Henry Quatre-Paris.

"A WET DAY IN PARIS. VIEW OF THE PONT HENRI QUATRE." BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PICTURE IN WATER-COLORS.



huge outside chimney, close beside a dull road. The title says this is a hill, but the picture gives no hint of the enchantment of distance as seen from hill-tops. There is no buoyancy of elastic atmosphere, no thrust or shimmer or breath of golden light, no poetry of filmy shadow. Elizabeth Bonsall sends "A Pleasant Thought" and an unmeaning, chalky little canvas representing a Chinese doll hanging to a bottle of Chartreuse or Benedictine, and called "How can I Leave Thee?" The first canvas could not be better named. It represents a three-quarter figure of a gentle Quakeress in white kerchief and gray dress, and with close-capped head, bent over her knitting. The face is not smiling but the "pleasant thought" shows itself in soft and subtle modelling of fair, plump cheek, chin and mouth. "A Forced Pose," by Frances Throop, a pouting child in a high chair, is a very clever sketch, simple enough in its aim, but well thrown up, and not "womanish." "Chrysanthemums,"

by Alice Buell, are true chrysanthemums, vigorously painted. Agnes Abbott has a "Sketch from Nature, Westchester County," a clump of trees, a corn-crib on stilts and the rear corner of a farm-house. The color is neat, bright and clear, the atmosphere crystalline; the technique is precise and well regulated, the sky floating and airy, the landscape almost as shadowless as one of Benjamin Constant's Oriental scenes. It is good work, but not imaginative. Jennie Brownscombe, Philadelphia, sends "Apple Blossoms" and "A Brittany Study," the latter a dull, cold vista of the stone walls of a provincial cul de sac, broken only by one round door, one square one and a painted window and

gable. One cannot help these mathematical architectural observations in regarding the canvas; there is really nothing else to do. The study of "Apple Blossoms" is an excellent and refined rendering of well-bred and delicate blossoms following the line of the branch with the regularity of figures upon Parthenaic frieze! In every respect they are the very antithesis of "Apple Blossoms" by Medora Hubbell, Stratford, Conn., which are as large, loose and dashing as honeysuckle clusters, and with as little deference to their parent branch. They are as free and flowing as the others are neat and compact; their color is cold—as apple blossoms in masses are in fact. Ellen K. Baker sends from Paris a flat head called "La Bohemienne" and a large canvas of two figures called "Mutiny," a chubby and very French baby refusing its drink offered by a very purple-complexioned young girl. Helen M. Knolton, Boston, sends a head called "Pansy," not particularly attractive,

and perhaps receiving its title because of the dark golden face surmounting a dull purple dress. Phebe Nott has an interesting interior view of Anne Hathaway's Shottory cottage. Sarah Dodson sends a girl's head, hat shadows under wide hat brim, but virile, as Miss Dodson's Luminais-taught work always is. Blanche Dillaye, Philadelphia, has a "Thank you, Ma'am," a steep red brown road rushing straight down upon the spectator. Lida Scott has "A Catskill Acquaintance," in almost monochromatic reddish brown, a character sketch, with strong light on a profile surmounted by a tipped-back shocking old hat, reminding one of the disdain for beauty, the fondness for "types," and the swashing brush-work affected by the leading women students of the famous atelier des dames in the Boulevard Clichy. Clara Lobeck has a very "sheepish-looking" sheep, painted as if from a model in wood, and there are "Roses" good and bad, big and little—roses of muslin

worthy presentation of sculpture? The few busts, statuettes and reliefs crowded into obscure corners of the Academy from year to year are usually beneath notice, because our best men are unrepresented. They are well aware that the Academy offers no chance for the fitting exhibition of sculpture. Even the delightful work shown at the exhibitions of the Society of American Artists during the last four or five years has, of necessity, appeared at a disadvantage. I have in mind an exhibition to consist only of sculpture, in which Messrs. St. Gaudens and Warner, and such others as have proved their merits, shall be fully represented, with the proviso that every example shall be so placed as to be properly and favorably seen. Of course, the sphere of such an exhibition might be indefinitely extended. Public statues and monuments of various kinds are springing up like mushrooms throughout the land, and the announcement of an exhibition of sculpture might flood the galleries with sketches for all

sorts of public works. But many of them might be quickly weeded out, as having nothing whatever to do with art. A competent jury of admissions would have their greatest trouble in finding enough that was worth showing. For the collection, however small it might be, should be given such a character that one, after seeing it, might walk among the bronze and stone monstrosities in our parks without wholly despairing of American sculpture. What is necessary for the exhibition? First, a place to exhibit properly. That, I think, we have. Secondly, the co-operation of artists. I do not believe that our sculptors, if they were insured respectful treatment, would decline



"NORMANDY PEASANT." BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PICTURE IN WATER-COLORS.

and roses of wax, roses of paper and roses of tin, fat roses and thin roses, roses, roses, ROSES!

MARGARET BERTHA WRIGHT.

#### SOME POSSIBLE EXHIBITIONS.

A YEAR ago the scanty facilities of this city forbade any new departure in exhibitions; indeed, until the present season the regular art organizations have been hard pressed for adequate space. Now that the American Art Association offers four more than satisfactory galleries, this obstacle no longer exists. The generous spirit shown by the proprietors of these galleries seems to promise their co-operation with others in exhibitions which would broaden our knowledge of art in one way or another, even though these exhibitions might fail to be pecuniarily profitable. When have we had any

to send available busts and bas-reliefs, or at least casts, and sketches of their more important works.

Then comes the question of labor and money. Who would do the work, and who would pay the necessary expenses? This, I confess, I cannot answer. Can any of our amateurs promise volunteers? If we possessed such an organization as the Boston Art Club, with membership limited strictly to artists and amateurs, we might expect it to indulge in such luxuries as this. As it is, I can only speak tentatively, throwing out my suggestions in the hope that one or two may fall on fruitful ground.

I should like to see a collection adequately representing American wood-engraving. If Mr. Linton were able to give the matter his personal attention, it would be interesting to place side by side modern engravings chosen by him to illustrate his beliefs and engravings selected by Messrs. Drake and Fraser, of The Century art department. So much has been said of engraving in "pure line"